21 Leitner 1-3 (1891-92) 1892? ANS Dard ANS
Gurezis ANS

D 526 Rustem Ali who, like a famous player of the same name at Mardo, was passionately fond of the game, and had been thrown from his horse. The place of meeting near Astor is called the Eedgah. The game is called Tore in Astor, and the grounds for playing it are called Shajanan. At [D 172] Gilgit the game is called Bulla, and the place Shajanan. The latter names are evidently of Tibetan origin.

[B 526] D The people are also very fond of target practice, shooting with bows, which they use dexterously but in which they do not excel the people of Nagyr and Hunza. Game is ● 224 much stalked during the winter. At Astor any game shot on the three principal hills—*Takhumal*, a high hill opposite the fort, *Demtikilla* and *Takhidut*—belong to the Nawab of Astor—the sportsman receiving only the head, legs and a haunch—or to his representative, then the Tahsildar Munshi Rozi Khan. At Gilgit everybody claims what he may have shot, but it is customary for the Nawab to receive some share of it. Men are especially appointed to watch and track game, and when they discover their whereabouts notice is sent to the villages from which parties issue, accompanied by musicians, and surround the game. Early in the morning, when the "Libe" dawns, the musicians begin to play and a great noise is made which frightens the game into the several directions where the sportsmen are placed.

D 411 The guns are matchlocks and are called in Gilgit "*tarmák*" and in Astor "tomák." At Gilgit they manu-
8 411 facture the guns themselves or receive them from Badakhshan. The balls have only a slight coating of lead, the inside generally being a little stone. The people of Hunza and Nagyr invariably place their guns on little wooden pegs which are permanently fixed to the gun and are called "Dugaak." The guns are much lighter than those manufactured elsewhere, much shorter and carry much smaller bullets than the matchlock of the Maharajah's troops. They carry very much farther than any native Indian gun and are fired with almost unerring accuracy. For "small shot"

of the former would be Shina and those of the latter would be Tukkhara. This shows that their family system takes the mother into consideration.

The Brokpa are said to have come from Rajouri, a district in Kashmir, where they belonged to a ruling family of the district.

The Cajuna have recently come to these parts and speak the same dialect as in India.

Besides these, there is another family of the former Mohammedan rulers of the country called "Rā." They originally came from Skardu about three centuries ago, and professed to be the descendants of Alexander the Great. The inhabitants considered them to have been born of a fairy, and this idea leads the people to think that their rulers were of a superior race watching on the divine, and that therefore it was necessary to honour and obey them.

The people live very simply, and their requirements are few. Each one is himself a cultivator, a weaver, a carpenter, etc. Their dress, which they weave from the wool of sheep and goat, includes the shuka (chuga), woollen pantaloons, a woollen shirt and a rolled cap. The women wear loose trousers, a shirt and a cap, with a few silver ornaments and shell bracelets. They wear on their feet a kind of leather socks called pulloo, made either of hide skin or of cow hide. For hill journeys they wear their feet in pieces of goat or hide skin which they call dumdi.

The chief amusement of the people is polo, which they play with the utmost zest, and shooting matches, fairs and revels with their matchlocks for the sake of meat, skin and wool.

The former language of the people was Sanskrit, but the dialect now spoken is generally called "Shina," though the Chilasis call it "Dangalik." It contains many Sanskrit as well as Persian words.

Both are the tribes to whom the Hillmen and numerous opponents, but they have lived together for such a long period under the Buddhist and Mohammedan rulers that it is now difficult to know which of the ceremonies was originally observed by each separate tribe.

II.

The Festivals or "Seven Sundays."

The advent of spring in the Gilgit country brings with it the annual festival of "Shina Bawan," which corresponds to the English May-day. It lasts about fifteen days, beginning in the middle of February and ending about the beginning of March. As indicating that the long cold winter is at an end with all its accompanying hardships, and that spring is nigh, bringing with it warmth and life and a renewal of the scanty stock of provisions which has now dangerously low during the past months, the festival is hailed with much rejoicing by the simple Gilgit folk. In order to observe this feast rightly, the people, twelve days before its commencement, put two seers of wheat into a wooden basin. They fill this up with water and keep the mixture wet for five days, after which they take it out and place it in a small pit dug for the purpose in the ground, over which straws are heaped. The wheat is left in this pit for five days, after which the grain is sent

(To be continued.)

Ra to his poorest subject, lived entirely by agriculture. According to tradition, Shiri Buddut's rule extended over Chitral, Yassin, Tangir, Darel, Chilas, Gor, Astor, Hunza, Nagar, and Haramosh, all of which were probably held by tributary princes of the same family. The first decline of prosperity was due apparently to the introduction of Mahommedanism, by which the Shin kingdom was broken up into a number of small independent states, which, from that date, commenced to make periodical wars with one another; but the final blow to the prosperity of the country was administered by the establishment of a warlike ruling race in Yassin, three centuries later.

A glance at the map will show that Gilgit is situated in the centre of the most mountainous region of the Himalayas. Nowhere else in the world, probably, is there to be found so great a number of deep valleys and lofty mountains in so small a compass. Within a radius of 65 miles from Gilgit the survey maps show, amidst innumerable smaller peaks, eleven varying from 18,000 to 20,000 feet, seven from 20,000 to 22,000 feet, six from 22,000 to 24,000 feet, and eight from 24,000 to 28,600 feet; while half of the tract thus included still remains to be surveyed. A rival to Everest and Kinchinjunga may yet be found among the mountains of Kafiristan.

From Gilgit, mountain roads radiate into all the surrounding valleys, and it is easy to see how favourable is its position for the establishment of the head-quarters of a confederacy of small states. The lofty mountains around it, though barren and rocky at their bases, are covered with verdure higher up; and everywhere above 7,000 feet are thick fine forests, grassy glades, deep glens, and running streams, of which a view of the mountains from below gives little promise. Here the wild goat (*C. Falconeri*) roams in great numbers almost undisturbed, his chief foes being the snow ounce (*F. Uncia*), and the wild dog (*C. Rutilans*), of which packs are sometimes seen. In winter, when forced down to lower ground by the snow, a few fall victims to village matchlocks; but the number thus slain is few, as the Dards are not keen hunters. Above the forest, where innumerable peaks tower up in their panoply of eternal snow and glacier, ibex (*C. Sibirica*) are found in great numbers. The solitudes which they share with the red bear (*U. Isabellinus*) and the snow cock (*T. Himalayensis*) are rarely disturbed by the hunter's voice. On the lower and more barren hills, below the forest, are to

4a Durand G-3 (1888-93) 1900 AV1 Kashmir
Dard AV3
Chitral

000 sleeping-place; there is no gale of icy wind blowing about under you as is usually the case if you have a bed; it is a soft, warm, elastic nest with no draughts.

• 224 We had been brought out by Afzul to see the national sport of shooting markhor or ibex over dogs. Long before sunrise one morning we were riding up the valley, our point being the ground between the junction of two small ravines at an altitude of ten [232] thousand feet. A cutting wind blew in our faces, and it was bitterly cold till sunrise, when the wind dropped, and was soon blowing gently uphill. This behaviour of the wind is universal except in rainy and cloudy weather, and is of great assistance to the stalker. Leaving your camp or sleeping-place under a rock, one, two, or three hours before sunrise, according to the height you are at, and the height you wish to reach, you toil uphill. By sunrise you are well above the game, which in another hour or so, after feeding, will also begin moving uphill; the wind, by that time blowing from them to you, is in your favour. The uniform slope of the gigantic mountain sides, the generally uniform character of the ravines which cut straight down the hill, tend to make the wind very steady, and you have few of the exasperating shifts which you would expect at home. The moment that cloud and mist envelop your stalking ground, however, the conditions change, and the wind becomes as treacherous and catchy as elsewhere. Advantage is taken of the wind in hunting with dogs. They are let out an hour before dawn and are hunted along the base of a line of hills in which game is supposed to harbour. The moment the dogs get the

4: Durand G-3 (1888-93) 1900 AV1 Kashmir
Dard AV3,
Chitral

224 scent they are off, lost sight of immediately in the dark, and as they run mute it is hours perhaps before they are found. They are admirably trained, or their instinct prompts them to do exactly the right thing. Dashing silently along, in a few minutes they rouse the game, ibex or markhor—if the former, it will take uphill, if the latter, probably down; but in all cases the point is some fastness in the rock, where the mountain goat feels at home, and where its instinct tells it no enemy, snow leopard or hunting dog, dare rush into the attack. The game once driven into bad ground of this sort, the dogs bay it, and the shikari, led by his hounds' voices, comes up and gets the shot. Good dogs will remain twenty-four hours —it is said they have been known to remain longer— baying a herd of markhor or ibex. The Chitralis assured me that if the game is caught in open ground, a good set of dogs were able to round them up like sheep and keep them from moving. This I had no opportunity of seeing.

We sat for some hours waiting for news of our dogs, and I beguiled the time by showing Afzul and his men the use of a burning glass with the lens of my field-glasses which I was cleaning. Afzul was delighted, seized the glass, and at once proceeded to burn a hole in the back of one of his followers' hands. In the midst of our trifling came the news that the dogs had found game, and there was mounting in hot haste, and a ride of about three thousand feet straight uphill over ground that had been carved out by glaciers centuries ago, moraines now covered with grass and scanty scrub. Finally we arrived close to a glacier, its face reflecting the early sun, and showing

4: Durand G-3 (1888-93) 1900 AV1 Kashmir
Dard AV3
Chitral

224 the most glorious colours, but we had no time to admire this at the moment. We had been riding over ground which I should have said was absolutely impossible for horses; it was steeper than the roof of most houses, and but for its soft and shaley character, no horse ever foaled could have carried a man up it. At the top of the last steep pitch we found ourselves on the edge of a moraine, and a couple of hundred yards from us on the main mountain side were half a dozen dogs baying an ibex, which they had driven on to a niche a foot square in the face of a precipice. There was no way down even for an ibex, the crack in the cliff he had come down was now guarded by two savage hounds, who dashed at him and drove him back if he tried to ascend. It was a picturesque sight, but a sad one, the ibex now standing facing despairingly out from the cliff, and then turning and trying to force his way up, butting at the dogs as they barred his way, only to be driven back every time. Getting off our horses we walked up under cover to within a hundred yards, when Robertson took his shot, and the ibex came crashing down, the most fearful fall, the body bounding twenty feet at a time, knocking two of the hounds who had been half-way up head over heels, and carrying them to the bottom of the cliff. The horns were not good, thirty-four inches in length, but it was a curious trophy. It was a thing to have seen, but of course not sport to an Englishman's mind.

159 The descent from our glacier showed how steep the ground was we had ridden up; it was out of the question to ride down, and without a stick you

4: Durand G-3 (1888-93) 1900 AV1 Kashmir
Dard AV3

late, the most necessary things for dinner were of course not forthcoming, and we turned in after dining on dried grapes, the bread of the country, and tea. Many of the marches were nightmares, and the record in my diary becomes monotonous with the detailed horrors of the road, but the picture that night as we rode in would have repaid a good deal. The view, when the moonlight conquered the dying day, was very lovely; snow covered all the hills forming the valley, the broad, stony river bed, with its scattered tamarisk jungle and broken threads of water, lay in a flood of soft light, chequered by the dark shadows of the trees and cliffs, and the great precipices of the hills immediately above us seemed to loom larger and grander every moment. Not that it quite made up for tired horses blundering in the deep shadow over the rocks, the uncertainty as to whether our things would arrive in camp, and the certainty that we should have no dinner.

Next morning we lay peacefully in bed till ten, read accumulated piles of letters and papers, and idled generally. No one who has not marched for months at a time can fully appreciate the luxury of a morning in bed.

In the afternoon we walked down to a great tamarisk jungle in the river bed, and had a drive for a red bear. Many years in India had made me pretty sick of bears, and I would not go across the road for a black one, but the chance of a red bear was different. I had then never seen one. We were perched upon a rock some forty feet high in the river bed, and as soon as we were settled Raja Akbar Khan rode off to superintend the beat. Directly his

4: Durand G-3 (1888-93) 1900 AV1 Kashmir
Dard AV3

224 [533] party got to the far end of the jungle, the inevitable band began to play. Nothing can be done in these wilds[1] without a band, and on this occasion the performers were posted some three hundred yards ahead of us, on the side of the hill forming the river bank. In a few minutes we saw a man emerge from the jungle and run up to them, and a wild fanfare and fierce yells announced a bear was found. The next thing one saw was some dogs and a couple of mounted men flying through the jungle, and then the bear broke in view surrounded by dogs. He headed straight for our rock, and was killed at its foot. It was a pretty beat, and a characteristic bit of sport, the men galloping along keeping the bear straight, sheering off if they were heading him, dashing fearlessly at him if it was necessary to turn him, the dogs all the time driving him along. All this over the usual ground, one mass of rocks and the difficult tangle of a broad river bed covered with tamarisk bush. The swordsmanship was not equal to the hunter's pluck. We found the bear had a slight sword cut, but the swordman's horse had a far worse, a frightful wound on the stifle caused by a badly delivered backward cut at the bear. One of Robertson's greatest triumphs in surgery was the treatment of the wound, which he sewed up; the horse completely recovered, and the doctor's fame became great. After we had left Gakuch a couple of days they told us the jungle across the river there had been full of bears, but, knowing that I had a huge pile of correspondence, the Rajas said nothing about it. This was rather annoying, for I never again got the chance of a good beat at Gakuch.

[1] [ie., the tamarisk jungles of Gakuch -- Analyst]